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"Forever float that standard sheet—
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us;
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!"—DRAKE.

AN
AMERICAN'S OFFERING.
A RECITATIVE ODE,
On Events of Revolutionary Times.

DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE,

BY A MECHANIC. *Crosland*

WITH HISTORICAL NOTES AND MEMORANDA, ILLUSTRATIVE
OF THE TRUTH OF THE POEM.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
THE FOLLOWING ORIGINAL PIECES:

CHILD OF THE DESOLATE HEARTH.
LOVE, PURITY, AND FIDELITY.
FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.
THE MOTHER'S CONSOLATION.

THE VOLUNTEERS' RETURN.
GOD'S WORKS ARE BRIGHT AND
BEAUTIFUL.

Philadelphia:
1849.



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April 13. 1849.



"First in war,"
"First in peace,"
"And first in the hearts of his countrymen."

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IN FIVE CANTOS.

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Philadelphia:
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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of our Lord,
one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, by

JOHN M. CROSLAND,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, within
and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

AN AMERICAN'S OFFERING.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own—my native land?”

SCOTT.

INTRODUCTION.

Father Time, in his record of passing events,
On six thousand pages of years that have fled,
Presents many truths, in their chequered contents,
4 That speak to us now, from the slumbering dead.

In these pages, what wonderful characters shine;
And what miracles seem to have compassed our race:
There, Man, in his nobleness, stands out divine;
8 And dark deeds of passion, the annals deface:

There Wisdom, and Virtue, beam bright as the sun;
And the Hero, and Statesman, are seen in the rays;
But the deep shades of wickedness, stealthily come,
12 O'er the glory of man, and the pride of his days.

Whilst the lordling—to revel in power and lust,
 Doth “barter his God, for an image of gold!”
 Or the serf—like a worm, shall be crushed in the dust;
 16 Thus long, will Ambition, a monster unfold.

For the curse of Ambition, in impotent man,
 Mother Earth, hath been deluged with innocent blood!
 Its edict of wrath, ever goes in the van,
 20 Where the hordes of a despot, rush on like a flood.

* * * * *

Shall we, close our eyes to these lessons of yore,
 And mock at the counsel, they faithfully give?
 Or, while we humanity’s weakness deplore,
 24 Shall no thought of the past, in the green future live?

Yes! yes! you respond, let the deeds of the past,
 Where Virtue, hath hallowed the steps of the brave;
 Be a beacon of truth, and its glory be cast,
 28 On the multiplied millions, that scorn to be slaves!*

* The Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia in 1775, after having nominated Washington as Commander-in-Chief, among other declarations, made the following: “Our cause is just; our union is perfect.” * * “With hearts fortified by these animating reflections, we most solemnly, before God and the world, *DECLARE*, that, exerting the utmost energy of those powers which our beneficent Creator hath graciously bestowed, the arms we have been compelled by our enemies to assume, we will, in defiance of every hazard, with unabating firmness and perseverance, employ for the preservation of our liberties, being, with one mind, *resolved to die Freemen, rather than live Slaves.*”

CANTO I.

1562 TO 1621.

"It has been asked, When were the Americans emancipated?"

"But I desire to know, When they were made slaves?"

PITT'S SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT.

Pure Religion—releases from thralldom the soul;

And its indwelling voice—bids the body, be free!

But the sword, and the faggot, usurped the control,

32 Of both! when our forefathers passed o'er the sea. *

They fled, from the long cherished home of their youth;

And embarked for a land in the shadowy west; †

Where the wilderness, teem'd with the symbols of truth;

36 And "the floods clapped their hands" at their Maker's
behest.

Safely borne o'er the waves of the treacherous deep,

They land on the "Canaan," their hopes cherished long;

And though memory, called on the thoughtful to weep,

40 The wilds echoed free with their worshipping songs!

* "In the beginning of the 17th century, James the First asserted and maintained a despotic power over the consciences of his English subjects; and all who presumed to dissent from the creed which he had adopted, were persecuted with extreme rigor."

† From the year 1562 to the middle of the 17th century, many persons embarked for the wilds of America, to escape Protestant, as well as Catholic persecution. Roger Williams in conjunction with others who were persecuted for their religious opinions, purchased and finally settled Rhode Island; "and in the administration of their affairs, all Christian sects were welcomed and tolerated in the free exercise of their opinions."

When afar from the scenes studding memory's waste,
 The heart-strings distend, for the pleasures of home;
 And to retrace our wanderings, who would not haste,
 44 And in glee, brave the storm, on the billow foam?

In dreams, they could visit the land they had left,
 Its dear scenes of childhood, with kindred and friends;
 But alas for the waking—the dreamer's bereft
 48 Of his idols! as fancy takes wing, and ascends.

Thus in sunlight, and darkness, man's years roll away;
 Whether bitterness revel, or happiness reign;
 But should clouds of adversity, darken each day,
 52 We have Hope, like an angel, to cheer us again!

It was so in their pilgrimage, Hope led the way,
 To this land, which now boasts of its freedom and laws!
 The ocean was crossed; and the wilderness lay,
 56 As a tribute of Nature—to aid in the cause.*

Like the children of Israel,† our forefathers roamed,
 Where Hope promised fair, in the future—to bless!
 But a greater than either, their destiny owned;
 60 And trials were set, for their further distress.

* The landing of the Pilgrims at Jamestown (so called by them in honor of the reigning King James) took place on the 13th of May, 1609; and after many severe trials and reverses, Virginia was successfully settled by that bold enterprise.

On the 11th of December, 1620, one hundred and two persons landed from the "Mayflower" at New Plymouth, which was mainly instrumental in establishing a like result for New England.

† "One great object of the Puritans"—"was the establishment of a religious commonwealth, as nearly upon the model of that of the Jews, as the difference of circumstances would permit."—(Hale's United States.)

Wild beasts of the forest, lay crouched in their lair;
 And the red men, their war-whoop, exultingly cast; *
 The horrors of famine, linked death to despair;
 64 And the pilgrim hearts sunk, in the withering blast. †

In noble submission, though burthened with cares,
 They strove for the jewel, of man's adoration!
 The zephyrs of evening, were charged with their prayers;
 68 And the morning, sent upward, a grateful oblation. ‡

* * * * *

As the sun, bursting out from a threatening cloud;
 As the rainbow that brightens the mariner's chart;
 As the grasp of true friendship—when sorrow hath bowed,
 72 Or despair, marks the path of a sorrowing heart:

* In 1621, a plan was concerted by the Indians, "to destroy every man, woman, and child, in the English (Virginia) settlements;" and so successfully did they lull the settlers into security, by their professed friendship, that at one blow they slaughtered three hundred and forty seven men, women, and children; before a stop could be put to their murderous designs.

† In 1612, the Virginia colonists suffered a dreadful famine, and to such an extremity were they driven, "that they devoured the skins of horses, the bodies of the Indians they had killed, and, at last, those of their own companions who had sunk under these distresses." In six months, the colony was reduced from 500 persons to 60; and so severe were their trials during this period, that "the event was long remembered as THE STARVING TIME."

During these distresses, the remnant of the colonists assembled together, and embarked for England. "Fortunately they were met by Lord Delaware, who, having brought with him a supply of provisions, persuaded them to return to Jamestown."

‡ The historian informs us, that "all were impressed with a deep sense of the dispensations of Providence, in which grievous sufferings had been tempered by saving mercies;" and for the solemn exercises of religion, "they assembled daily in the little church, which was kept neatly trimmed with the wild flowers of the country."

As the exile, returned to his kindred and home;
 As the captive, released from his dark prison cell;
 As food to the famished! as charity shown!
 76 Came the answering blessing of Liberty's spell! *

* * * *

The Genius of Liberty, fled to the west,
 When the hand of oppression her bowers defiled;
 Where America, offered a haven of rest,
 80 To the heart-stricken exiles of Europe, the while! †

NOTE.—If recited before an audience, the national air "Hail Columbia," by a band of music, will relieve the speaker, and give zest to the piece. In like manner, the music noted at the end of each Canto, should be given.

* We can offer nothing stronger to prove the increase of republican principles, than the language of the Assembly of the Colony of New York, in their address to the acting Governor, in 1737—"We therefore beg leave to be plain with your honor, and hope you will not take it amiss when we tell you, that you are not to expect, that we will either cause sums to be raised, or put what we shall raise, into the power of a Governor, to misapply; if we can prevent it. [The Governor held his office by virtue of appointment from the King—the Assembly were elected by the people.] Nor shall we make up any other deficiencies than what we conceive are fit and just to be paid; nor continue what support or revenue we shall raise, for any longer time than one year; nor do we think it convenient to do even that, until such laws are passed as we conceive necessary for the safety of the inhabitants of this Colony."

† In March, 1775, during a discussion in Parliament on American affairs, it was urged, in support of ministerial measures, that the Colonies were children, planted by the care, and nourished by the indulgence of the mother country! to which Col. Barre, a member of the House, indignantly replied: "*Children planted by your care!* No. Your oppressions planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny, into a then uncultivated land, where they were exposed to all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and, among others, to the cruelty of a savage foe, the most subtle, and the most terrible that ever inhabited any part of God's earth."—(Hale's United States.)

CANTO II.

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be
Purchased at the price of chains and slavery?
Forbid it, Almighty God!"
"I know not what course others may take;
But as for me—GIVE ME LIBERTY,
OR GIVE ME DEATH!"

SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY.

But when, was the grasping ambition of Kings,
Content, while an object existed—to crave?
Or when, hath "Britannia," giv'n rest to her wings,
84 Ere her power had humbled, the good, and the brave?*

The answer, is written in letters of fire!
The scroll, hath been dyed in a deluge of blood!
Her despots have sworn, in their hellish desire,
88 That Conquest! should swallow her foes, in its flood.

Her armies, have wasted the husbandman's toil;
Her tyranny, forged for her yeomanry, chains!
Her footsteps, have cursed every foot of her soil,
92 With the current of life, and the groans of her slain.

* In 1764, an Act of Parliament for the regulation of trade in the West Indies expired by limitation; but was re-modeled, and again put in force to act upon the American Colonies. The preamble was made to declare that—"it was just and necessary that a revenue should be raised in America." An act called the "Stamp Act," was passed in 1765 to raise additional revenue—and the Tea Act followed, for the same purpose; on which occasion, Dr. Franklin, who was then in London, wrote home to his friend, Charles Thompson, "*The sun of liberty is set, you must light up the candles of Industry and Economy.*" To which Mr. Thompson replied, "*Be assured we shall light up torches of quite another sort.*"

1764 to 1768.

Her Lion, in power, roamed over the land;
 And the cross of Saint George, was the scourge of the
 Her Princes, and Nobles, were "*born* to command;"
 96 And the soil of America, should not be free!*

1769.

Thus threatened the minions of boasting King George,
 Thus thundered his navy, with terrific roar;
 Thus shouted the Hessian, and myrmidon scourge,
 100 When the vassals of monarchy, blasted our shore.†

1775.

Stern warriors met—in the murderous strife,
 Where clashing of steel, rung the knell of the grave,
 And the battle of LEXINGTON‡ brought into life,
 104 The Idol, of freemen! The hope, of the slave!

* The Stamp Act, being in part repealed—lest a concession should seem to have been made to the Colonists—Parliament declared at the same time, "*The Legislature of Great Britain has authority to make laws to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever.*"—And at the next session of Parliament, Lord North declared "*a total repeal cannot be thought of, until America is prostrated at our feet!*"

† In 1769, General Gage ordered two regiments of troops into Boston, to overawe the refractory Americans. The ships that brought them, were ranged with their broadsides ready to fire on the town; in case of resistance; and the troops landed with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets.

‡ On the evening of the 18th of April, 1775, a body of 800 British troops marched out of Boston, for the destruction of the American stores at Concord. Information of this movement being sent into the country, the troops were harrassed to such a degree on their return, by the Provincial militia, that but for a timely reinforcement sent out of Boston, the whole detachment would have been destroyed.

This movement might be said with propriety to have been *a battle from Concord to Boston!* But as the dwellings fired by the British, were mostly at Lexington, and their troops suffered most in that vicinity; it has ever been a theme of rejoicing for the Patriot, and will be handed down to posterity, as the battle of Lexington. In this battle 65 of the enemy were killed, 180 wounded, and 28 made prisoners. The American loss 47 killed, and 38 wounded and missing.

The war-cry of Freedom, then rose on the air;

And—"GOD AND OUR COUNTRY!" re-echoed around:

The hill-tops proclaimed, they had liberty *there!*

108 And the valleys were rife, with the quickening sound.

The tocsin was sounding; the warning was heard;*

The Colonists rushed, their defences to fill;

And Death, before Slavery, WARREN preferred,

112 When he fell in his blood, on our famed BUNKER HILL.†

The war-bugle, rung out its terrible blast;

While CHARLESTOWN was wrapped in a mantle of flames!

And the taunt of submission, was hurled to the past—

116 That "Victory or Death!" should encircle their names!‡

* "Now were heard the New England drums, that had beat in the French war."—Signals were given; and "the news spread with the rapidity of lightning," calling the yeomanry to battle in defence of their rights.

† On the evening of the 16th of June, 1000 Americans under Col Prescott took possession of what is now called "*Bunker Hill*," and fortified it. Early the following morning they were reinforced with 500 men, and arranged to meet the advancing foe consisting of 3000 Regulars. After a bloody conflict, in which the enemy were twice repulsed, the Americans were driven from the ground by superior numbers—Charlestown was fired by the enemy during the battle, giving additional horror to the scene of blood and carnage.

In this celebrated battle, the British loss was 1054 killed and wounded, while the American loss of the same nature, was 453. In this action, the brave and lamented WARREN gave his life to secure the liberty we now enjoy

‡ The Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776, forever sundered the bonds that had previously existed between the Colonies and the mother country! The parent had shed the blood of her children; and they in self defence had now declared, that "*These United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.*" It was on this solemn occasion that the elder John Adams used the following language in a letter sent to his wife at the time:—"The day is past. It will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as THE GREAT ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to GOD ALMIGHTY. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever. I

1776.

Whilst ruffianly hordes, had spread carnage and death;
 And the renegade, joined in the slaughter—for *gold!*
 A spirit had moved, with a noiseless breath,
 120 And LIBERTY! stood on our banners enrolled.*

* * * * *

Columbia, spurning each earth-born device,
 Chose *stripes*, as the rainbow, to stream in the breeze:
 The *azure*, she gleaned by her skill from the skies;
 124 And *stars!* by reflection, she took from the seas!

Her banner, thus chosen, was proudly unfurled;
 With the *Eagle*—to ride on the breast of the storm;
 And her STARS AND STRIPES, have illumined the world;†
 128 Whilst her Sons—to *defend them*, were never forsworn!

AIR—STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost us to maintain this declaration—Yet, through all this gloom, I can see that the end is worth more than all the means, and that posterity will triumph, though you and I may rue.”

* As a proof that the aggressions of the mother country led to such a result, we give first, the declaration of Josiah Quincy, Jr, in 1774:—“Blandishments shall not fascinate us, nor threats of a halter intimidate us; for, under God, we are determined, that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, *We will die freemen!*”

And second, the declaration of the elder John Adams in 1776:—“It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there is a Divinity that shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms—till independence is now within our grasp. Before God, I believe that the hour has come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it;—Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment. Independence, *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER.”

† We are unable to give an historical account of the American standard; but if memory serves us correctly, the alternate thirteen stripes—as well as the thirteen stars in a blue field—were chosen to designate the thirteen colonies, who so liberally contributed their blood and treasure, to secure the inestimable blessings of liberty for future generations. The increased number of States, admitted into the Union since that period, are designated by stars—the corresponding number being *thirty* at present, while the *thirteen stripes*—remain as a fit emblem of the original compact, in the great struggle for the “Rights of Man.”

CANTO III.

Washington.

1732.

Ere Liberty echoed abroad in our land;

Or the footsteps of Tyranny, blanched it with fear:

A WASHINGTON! destined for future command,

132 By his birth, rendered sacred, a day we revere. *

1775 to 1796. .

In memory of worth, dearly prized by us all,

We meet in our strength to rejoice in his name! †

Who would not, with willingness, answer the call,

136 When WASHINGTON, brightens the record of fame? ‡

* "GEORGE WASHINGTON, the third son of Augustine Washington, was born on the 22nd of Feb., 1732, near the banks of the Potomac, in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia."

"At the age of ten years he lost his father"—but his mother "continued to impress those principles of religion and virtue on his tender mind, which constituted the solid basis of a character that was maintained through all the trying vicissitudes of an eventful life."

† It is altogether probable, that Washington's birth-day will ever be commemorated, while our republican institutions exist. The poem now presented to the public, in print, was first recited in part by the author, before a numerous body of military, on such an occasion, and was received with much applause and congratulation.

‡ "On the 14th of June, 1775, Washington was unanimously chosen General, and Commander-in-Chief of the United Colonies, and all the forces now raised, or to be raised by them."

When this important trust was conferred upon Washington, he was a member of the first Continental Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, by virtue of his appointment as a delegate of Virginia. On the 3d of July following, he took command of the forces near Boston, and so judicious were his measures, that the British general was compelled to evacuate the town, to secure his own safety.

After eight years services in the army, during which the gloom of misfortune and the glory of victory were alternately depressing and reviving the spirits of the colonists, Washington voluntarily resigned his commission, on the 23d of Dec., 1783.

The 4th of March, [more properly, the 14th of April,] 1789, commenced the first

Through his wisdom, we boast, of our country's success;
 Her Laws, Independence! and Commerce, secure;
 And the legacy, left by our fathers—to bless!
 140 Shall, in his example, forever endure. *

Who dares to be free! has a beacon-light there;
 Who spurns kingly rule! in his virtue abounds;
 Who mounts above earth, as a bird on the air,
 144 In the path of true greatness—his glory surrounds!

No cruelty—startled his slumber, with groans;
 No treachery—stained his triumphant career;
 No longing ambition, to sigh for a throne—
 148 Doth blacken the page, where his virtues appear:

The threats of a tyrant, his nature defied;
 And gold lost its lustre, when used to betray!
 With our cause in his heart—and with God as his guide;
 152 He marshalled our fathers, in battle array.

term of his administration as President of the United States of America. Serving to the expiration of a second term, he declined a re-election, and issued his justly celebrated valedictory address to the American people, in September, 1796.

* The answer of the United States Senate to Washington's last address to that body, contains the following language: "Whilst contemplating the causes that produce this auspicious result, [the general prosperity of the country,] we must acknowledge the excellence of the constitutional system, and the wisdom of the legislative provisions;—but we should be deficient in gratitude and justice, did we not attribute a great portion of these advantages to the virtue, firmness, and talents of your administration; which have been conspicuously displayed, in the most trying, and on the most critical occasions."

"The most effectual consolation that we can offer for the loss we are about to sustain, [in allusion to his withdrawal from public life,] arises from the animating reflection, that the influence of your example will extend to your successors, and the United States thus continue to enjoy an able, upright and energetic administration."

The House of Representatives, replied in part as follows: "For our country's sake, for the sake of republican liberty, it is our earnest wish that your example may be the guide of your successors; and thus, after being the ornament and safeguard of the present age, become the patrimony of our descendants."—(Marshal's Life of Washington.)

The deep-mouthed artillery's deafening sound;
 The flashing of musketry, blazing in strife;
 The gleaming of steel; and the ghastly death-wound;
 156 Are solemn mementos of WASHINGTON's life. *

1799.

History speaks to us now, of his glory,
 Fame, spreads afar, the bold deeds of her Son! †
 * Admiring millions, take up the glad story;
 160 And earth's vast domain claims GEORGE WASHINGTON!

Who is it that fills the bright page—"First in War?"
 And where is the wisdom, that shines "First in Peace?"
 What "countrymen's heart" has that glorious star,
 164 Deeply set 'mid its treasures; if you are not these?

'Tis Washington! bursts from the fortified mound,
 'Tis Washington! borne on the breeze, o'er the plain:
 'Tis Washington! echoes the valleys around:
 168 'Tis Washington! thunders our mountains again.

AIR—"HAIL TO THE CHIEF."

* While on the march against the enemy lying at Princeton, the van of the American forces met unexpectedly two British regiments. A sharp action ensued, and the Americans gave way. At this crisis, when all was at stake, Washington led the main body to the attack, and though exposed to both fires, at but a few yards' distance from either party, he fortunately escaped unhurt."

General Lafayette, in a letter to the Hon. John Marshall, thus speaks of Washington at the Battle of Monmouth: "Never was General Washington greater in war, than in this action. His presence stopped the retreat. His dispositions fixed the victory."

† The victories of Trenton and Princeton, raised from the lowest depression, the spirits of the American people. They regarded Washington as the saviour of his country. He became the theme of eulogy throughout Europe, and received the honorable and appropriate appellation of the "American Fabius."—(Hale's United States)

‡ On the 13th December, 1799, from exposure to a slight fall of rain, Washington was seized with an inflammatory affection of the windpipe, and, having delayed sending for a regular physician until daylight next morning, his case was pronounced hopeless, and he expired without a struggle about half past 11 o'clock on Saturday night, December 14, 1799—in his 68th year. On the occasion of his death, Congress passed the following resolution, among others: "Resolved, That a committee be ap-

pointed to consider on the most suitable manner of paying honor to the memory of the MAN, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens." But the voice of the United States Senate, in their address to the President on that solemn occasion, should be taken as the sentiments of a vast majority of the American people at that period, as well as succeeding generations:—"Let his countrymen consecrate the memory of the heroic General, the patriotic Statesman, and the virtuous Sage: Let them teach their children never to forget, that the fruits of his labors, and his example, ARE THEIR INHERITANCE."

NAMES OF THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

JOHN HANCOCK, PRESIDENT.

New Hampshire.

Josiah Bartlett,
William Whipple,
Matthew Thornton.

Massachusetts Bay.

Samuel Adams,
John Adams,
Robert Treat Payne,
Elbridge Gerry.

Rhode Island, &c.

Stephen Hopkins,
Wm. Ellery.

Connecticut.

Roger Sherman,
Samuel Huntington,
William Williams,
Oliver Wolcott.

New York

William Floyd,
Philip Livingston,
Francis Lewis,
Lewis Morris.

New Jersey.

Richard Stockton,
John Witherspoon,
Francis Hopkinson,
John Hart,
Abraham Clarke.

Pennsylvania.

Robert Morris,
Benjamin Rush,
Benjamin Franklin,
John Morton,
George Clymer,

James Smith,
George Taylor,
James Wilson,
George Ross.

Delaware.

Cæsar Rodney,
George Reed,
Thomas McKean.

Maryland.

Samuel Chase,
William Paca,
Thomas Stone,
Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Virginia.

George Wythe,
Richard Henry Lee,
Thomas Jefferson,
Benjamin Harrison,
Thomas Nelson, Jr.
Francis Lightfoot Lee,
Carter Braxton.

North Carolina.

William Hooper,
Joseph Hewes,
John Penn.

South Carolina.

Edward Rutledge,
Thomas Heyward, Jr.
Thomas Lynch, Jr.
Arthur Middleton.

Georgia.

Burton Gwinnett,
Lyman Hall,
George Walton.

CANTO IV.

"Blandishments shall not fascinate us, nor threats of a halter intimidate us; for, under God we are determined that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen."—*Josiah Quincy, Jr.*, 1774.

Old England, may boast, of her power and wealth;
And the tribute she gleans, from her conquered isles:
How Erin, and Scotland, she compassed by stealth;
172 And the host of God's freemen, enslaved by her wiles:*
1775 to 1778. .

But our forefathers, spurning the subtle embrace,
That crushed the frail victims, her arts thus betrayed;
Threw off in derision, the bonds of disgrace;
176 And battled in blood, for the meed of the brave!

* * * * *

Like a whirlwind, the hirelings rushed in their shame,
To ravage our cities; and pillage our towns:
The brand was applied! and the quivering flame,
180 Bespoke for their monarch, a felon's renown!†

* We cannot illustrate this truth better, than by again quoting from Col. Barre's speech in Parliament:—"They nourished by your indulgence! No. They grew by your neglect. When you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule over them—some of whom were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to the bar of justice in their own."

† We have before stated, that *Charlestown* was burnt by the British during the conflict on "Bunker Hill;"—"The Ministry had issued orders to officers of the navy, to proceed as in cases of actual rebellion against such colonial seaports as should attempt to seize or control any arms or other stores." Capt. Mowatt, in compliance with these orders, October 1776, destroyed the flourishing town of *Falmouth*, Mass. (now a part of Maine called Portland,) "more than four hundred dwellings and stores were consumed." Their offence consisted in preventing the tories from sending supplies to the enemy.

Fairfield, Connecticut, shared a similar fate for a somewhat similar cause, in 1777,

The Savage was loosed—as a dark mantled cloud;
 To hurl on the helpless, the tempest's red glare:
 And the hurricane swept, as it threatened aloud,
 184 To revel in fury! And laugh at despair!*

Then war's wild alarm, with its message of woe,
 Settled sad on the heart, like an ill-fated spell:
 The scalping knife, gleamed in the grasp of the foe;
 188 And "liberty shrieked," when MONTGOMERY fell!†

and the orders of the British Government were but too faithfully executed in other sections of our suffering country.

* In November, 1777, Lord Suffolk urged in Parliament the employment of Indians against the Colonists, as "a measure of policy and necessity," declaring in support of his motion, that they were "justified in using all the means that God and Nature had put into their hands." The answer of the Earl of Chatham deserves a place in all American History; and we submit a part to the reader:—"What ideas of God and Nature, that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! To the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! * * * * * To send forth the merciless cannibal thirsting for blood!—against whom?—your Protestant brethren, — To lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid of these horrible hell hounds of war!" * * *

Despite the humane appeals of this eloquent statesman *the Indians were employed!* and history proves that his list of horrors was not too highly colored.

† Brigadier General Montgomery, having the advance of the American troops destined for the conquest of Canada, succeeded in the capture of Montreal, and hastened to invest Quebec, in the neighborhood of which he found Col Arnold, whose passage through the wilderness from the head waters of the Kennebec river, Maine, subsisting, at times, on dogs, cartridge boxes, and shoes, is without a parallel.—With a force of 900 men, he resolved to storm the city, defended by 1500 British troops under Gov. Carlton, and fell leading his men to the attack, December 5th, 1775, with a loss of 400 killed and wounded. The expedition was a failure; but the last words of the young hero to his wife at parting, were verified:—"You shall never blush for your Montgomery."

Thus tyranny triumphed; and royalty reign'd;
 As vengeance fell thick on the old and the young;
 And struggling innocence deepened the strain,
 192 That cried for *Revenge!* when the war-clarion rung.*

The *widow*, bewailed for her husband and home:
 The *fatherless*, wept in the track of the foe:
 The sword had been there! and a blood-oozing moan,
 196 Told painfully, *age*—was not spared in the blow!†

A cloud of misfortune, spread terror and gloom;
 And the battle-field, offered no heart-cheering ray:
 Defeat, and privation, the colonists doomed;
 200 While Washington, stood as a tiger at bay!‡

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* The known warfare of the Indian is an indiscriminate slaughter of all ages and sexes—but we may mention the murder of Miss McCrea in particular: This young lady was arrayed in her bridal suit, and was proceeding to the quarters of her affianced husband, in charge of two chiefs who had been employed to conduct her safely, when they fell out by the way concerning the reward; and one of them murdered her on the spot.

† We insert here, but two of the many cases of wanton destruction of human life: The massacre of Wyoming in 1778, where the men were butchered, whether found in arms or defenceless; the houses burned, and the cattle driven off—leaving the sorrowing widows and orphans houseless, and in beggary.

Another barbarous act—where the English soldiery rivalled their savage allies of Wyoming—took place in the same year. A troop of dragoons under Col. Baylor, who was “asleep in a barn at Tappan, was surprised by a party under General Grey;” — and though unprepared for resistance, they were bayoneted without mercy, very few escaping, and some receiving “nine, ten, and eleven stabs through the body.”

‡ The unfortunate issue of affairs in Canada, the defeat at Quebec, and other battles fought in retreating from it, with no better success, threw a gloom over the whole country. Washington, with an inferior force—part leaving the service, their time having expired, while new recruits were taking their place—was unable to cope with the army under General Howe, now recruited with a large number of the 17000 Hessians hired of the German Princes.

In the magic of numbers, by land and by sea;
 King George with an iron hand, vaunted his might:—
 Where a MOULTRIE, with countrymen sworn to be free,
 204 Made his puny “Palmetto Fort,” blaze in the fight!*

Though *Parker*, his thunders, loud rolled o’er the deep;
 And the flag of brave Moultrie, struck low in his scorn;
 With shouts of defiance, a warrior leaps,
 208 To its rescue! and proudly it floats through the storm!†

* * * * *

But we turn from the battle, where power was foiled,
 And the laurels of victory, rest on the brave;
 To scenes, where the struggle that threatened our soil,
 212 With oppression, was fast sinking hope in the grave:

Where defeat, chilled the hearts of our suffering men;
 And the carnage of battle, their number decreased; ‡
 Whilst the infirm and helpless, sought cavern and glen;
 216 Firmly trusting in God! for their country’s release.

* The attack on Sullivan’s Island, June, 28, 1776, and the gallant defence of Fort Moultrie in that attack, will long emblazon the escutcheon of South Carolina. In this battle, which lasted the whole day, Colonel Moultrie, with 344 regular troops and a few militia of Charleston, repulsed a fleet of two fifty-gun ships and eight other large vessels, under the command of Admiral Sir Peter Parker. This victory prevented the landing of 3,000 troops under Sir Henry Clinton. The English lost one of their frigates, which was blown up; and suffered severely in damage done the other vessels, as well as in the number of men killed and wounded.

† During the hottest of the fire from the fleet, the flag-staff of the Americans was shot away, and cheers were given from the British ships, at their success; but their joy was of short duration; for a brave fellow, Sergeant Jasper, seized the flag, mounted the rampart, and replaced his country’s banner in defiance of the iron storm falling around him! The lady of Governor Rutledge presented Jasper with a beautiful silk banner for his daring feat, which he promised never to desert. He died from a wound received while storming a redoubt at Yorktown, Oct. 14, 1781.

‡ With the exception of the defeat of the British in South Carolina, (which was afterwards taken by the land and naval forces under Sir Henry Clinton, April, 1780.) the affairs of the colonies were gloomy in the extreme. The battle of Long Island, August 26th, 1776, fought to gratify the complaining *sheltered patriots*, resulted in the de-

The struggle was feeble. The effort was vain;
 To check in their progress, a triumphant foe!
 And the forces of Britain, secure in their fame,
 220 Like a giant, reposed by the watch-fire's glow.*

* * * * *

See! the suffering soldier, with eagerness springs,
 To obey his commander, though hungered and cold;
 When Washington's movement for "clipping their wings!"†
 224 Broke the spell of despair; and the power of gold.

Over noble old Delaware's ice-cumbered wave,
 His veterans cross, while the foemen repose;
 And a keen wintry wind, but quickens the brave,
 228 When TRENTON, is won! by their death-dealing blows.‡

feat of the Americans under General Putnam and Sullivan, and a loss in killed and wounded of over 1,000 men.

On the 28th of October following, the battle of White Plains was fought under Washington without any decisive result, other than the loss of many men on both sides. On the 16th of November, Fort Washington was taken by the British and Fort Lee evacuated immediately after.

General Washington's force, with this garrison, amounted to but 3,000 effective men, destitute of tents, blankets, and utensils to cook their provisions.

* In this state of inefficiency, Washington was compelled to retreat through Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, and Trenton, followed closely by the British forces, whose advance reached the Delaware, just as the American rear had retreated in safety over it; and but for the inactivity of the British, who encamped for the night along the banks of the Delaware, instead of crossing over, the American army must have been overpowered.

† In the darkest hour of our country's struggle—when Washington had been driven through New Jersey, and over the Delaware—when the approach of the victors compelled Congress to leave Philadelphia:—Then, the father of his country turned upon his pursuers; and seeing the British army extended along the banks of the river in fancied security—he exclaimed, "*Now is the time to clip their wings!*"

‡ On the night of December 25th, (Christmas,) 1776, at the head of 2,400 men, Washington recrossed the Delaware at Trenton, surprised a body of Hessians, took 900 prisoners, and returned to his camp with the loss of but nine men!"

The wavering, rushed to their banners once more
 As liberty, kindled her magical spark;
 And PRINCETON! its trophies of victory bore, *
 232 As a *Day-Star*, to cheer the companions of STARKE! †

AIR—WASHINGTON'S MARCH.

* When the affair of Trenton was communicated to Cornwallis who had gone to New York, supposing their labors over, he returned and collected the principal part of his forces at Princeton. Washington, in the meantime, had received some militia reinforcements from Pennsylvania, and again crossing the Delaware, took post at Trenton.

On the 2nd. of June, 1777, the British army encamped near the American lines, with full expectations of a battle and victory in the morning; but Washington had other views on the subject; and kindling up his watch-fires anew, at midnight silently decamped, and fell upon the rear guard of Cornwallis; defeating them and taking 300 prisoners. In this battle about 100 of the enemy were killed. The Americans lost the heroic General *Mercer*, and about 80 in killed and wounded.

† Poetical license will plead an excuse for connecting the battles of Princeton and Bennington—the one fought on the 3d of January, the other on the 16th of August following.—The battle of Bennington was fought by General Starke with some New Hampshire militia. When after a desperate conflict of nearly two hours, the whole detachment of 500 Hessian troops were killed and taken prisoners. A reinforcement of British troops arriving, a second battle was fought in which the scattered militia were taken by surprise, and but for the fortunate arrival of some continental troops, certain defeat would have followed the victory of the morning. A second victory so providentially obtained gave a new impulse to the colonist cause; and like the victories of Trenton and Princeton, revived the desponding, and gave strength to the forces under Gates.

CANTO V.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish,
It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of
God, it shall be my dying sentiment—
INDEPENDENCE NOW, AND INDEPENDENCE FOREVER."

THE ELDER JOHN ADAMS.

1777 TO 1781.

Through war's desolation, and passion's wild sway,
Our forefathers struggled, in hunger and toil:

Homeless, and comfortless, by night and by day,

236 They bled for the *birthright*, that gladdens our soil.

The hot summer's sun, as it heated their veins,

At MONMOUTH!* was leagued with the force of the foe;

And the rude blasts of winter, augmented their pains,

240 When "the blood from their feet" stained the deep trod-
den snow! †

In the depth of misfortune, and lowering gloom,

That "forlorn hope" of liberty breasted the storm:

While the mandates of Britain the Colonists doom'd,

244 To servile submission, to slaughter, and scorn.

* The battle of Monmouth was fought on the 28th of June, 1778. "The American loss 300, the British 500 men." "The uncommon heat of the day proved fatal to several on both sides." "Heat and excessive fatigue proved fatal to many," says another author.

† After the battle of Germantown, "General Washington withdrew to winter quarters in the woods of Valley Forge. His troops were destitute of shoes, and might have been tracked by the blood of their feet." During this encampment, Washington returned 2898 men unfit for duty, "because they were barefoot, and otherwise naked."

The prayers of the widow, were heard on the gale,
 When BRANDYWINE,* mingled its waters with gore!
 And GERMANTOWN, joined in the heart-rending wail,
 248 When the victors, the standards of royalty wore. †

But the bands of oppression were sundered again!
 When GATES, sealed the omen, that Britain must yield! ‡
 And MORGAN, was moving in thunder and flame;
 252 While his rifles, their hundreds stretched dead on the field. ||

The defeat of Burgoyne! on the wings of the wind,
 Gave hope to the fainting, and faith to the strong:
 And the star of success, in their hearts was enshrined,
 256 When the spirit of liberty, burst into song! §

* The battle of Brandywine, was a contest between 11,000 Americans, and 16 to 18,000 English troops, on the 11th of Sept., 1777—and, as might be expected from the difference in force, the first were driven from the ground, and retreated to Germantown, after a hard fought battle, in which the Virginia troops were particularly noted for bravery. "The American loss was 1200 men, while the loss of the enemy was but one-half that number."

† On the 4th of Oct. following the defeat of Brandywine, the battle of Germantown was fought; when, by the single circumstance of the Americans halting to combat a part of the enemy who had taken possession of a stone-house, the British rallied—regained the ground they had been driven from, and took a considerable number prisoners. The whole loss of the two armies, was about the same proportion as at Brandywine. A dense fog separating our troops during the battle, is said to be another leading cause of their misfortune.

‡ General Burgoyne, who had boasted that "with five British regiments, he could fight his way through the Colonies," was compelled to halt in the undertaking, and send to Gen. Clinton for reinforcements. On the 17th of Sept., 1777, he advanced to attack Gates at Stillwater; and on the 19th the first battle was fought. "In this battle, each party had about 3000 troops engaged. The British loss was upwards of 500 men, and the Americans 319." Both parties claimed the victory; but subsequent results show the English troops were weakened by the struggle beyond reparation. The second battle of Stillwater was fought on the 7th of October, "when the Americans drove their enemies from the field of battle; killed 200 men and many officers; took nine pieces of artillery, and a large amount of camp equipage and ammunition."

|| In the struggles of Sept. 19, and October 7, Col. Morgan, with his riflemen, were continually engaged, spreading destruction wherever they appeared. It is said of Morgan, that "his face resembled a full moon, flushed with anger," as he led on the brave men under his command.

§ On the 16th Oct., Burgoyne capitulated, and on the 17th, his army marched out

ENGLAND!

The weak, ever fearful, recoil at thy name;

But heroes, more noble, defy the strong hand.

No diadem, ruled the brave spirit of WAYNE!

260 Nor fears of its vengeance, determined his band!

A rampart of rocks, cannot shelter the foe,

When bravery peers through the curtain of night! *

And a precipice, PUTNAM could leap, when the glow,

264 Of liberty, mingled his duty with flight! †

An Arnold, hath trodden the dark path of crime,

Where loyalist plunderers deepened his shame: ‡

of their encampment, as prisoners of war, to the number of 6000 men. "Great were the rejoicings occasioned by this victory." "The news spread the greatest joy and exultation throughout the country." To effect the destruction of Burgoyne's army, Washington had generously weakened his own force, by sending detachments to the aid of Gates, whose success amply repaid him for the sacrifice.

* General Wayne, (termed "Mad Anthony" in his successful encounters with the Indian tribes,) on the 15th of July, 1779, was entrusted by Washington with a detachment for the recovery of "Stony Point," a towering fortress on the banks of the Hudson. About midnight, Wayne made the attack in two columns, taking the flints from his muskets, and relying on the bayonet for success. The two columns mounted the ramparts at different points, and by the most determined heroism fought their way to the centre of the works. 63 of the garrison were killed, and 543 made prisoners. All the cannon, standards, and military stores, fell into the hands of the victors. "This was considered one of the most brilliant achievements of the Revolutionary War."

† General Putnam, being in command of the forces in Connecticut, while visiting an outpost with 150 men, was attacked by the marauder, Gov. Tryon, with a force of 1500 men. Putnam seeing the impossibility of escape by fighting, played upon the enemy with a few field pieces, while he made his arrangements. Then commanding his men to take refuge in a neighboring swamp, he plunged down the precipice of stone steps, cut for foot passengers—and with his sure-footed animal made his escape! The British dragoons would not follow him, and the balls of their infantry fell harmless, though one pierced his hat.

‡ In 1778, the British, having evacuated Philadelphia, Gen. Arnold was left in command of that post; where his extravagance caused much dissatisfaction and complaint. Being tried by a court martial for extortion and misuse of the public money, he was found guilty, and sentenced to be reprimanded by the Commander-in-Chief.

From this moment he determined to be avenged; and in September, being appointed to the command of West Point, at his own solicitation, immediately after opened a

And a Tryon, though wanting the renegade's sign,
268 Hath crimsoned with murder, his title to fame! *

No price, as a ransom, could Andre bestow, †
When Freedom, had armed her brave sons in the fight!
For PAULDING! and WILLIAMS! could riches forego,
272 When joined with VAN WERT! to claim laurels of light!

The legion of Tarleton, may claim our applause,
If the blood of the Colonists girdle his fame! ‡
But the incense of victory, gladden'd our cause,
276 When SUMPTER,|| and MARION,§ kindled the flame!

correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, for the traitorous surrender of that important fortress.

His plans being frustrated by the capture of Andre, Arnold fled, and took refuge on board the *Vulture*. In the fall of 1781, Arnold led an English and Tory force against New London, Connecticut. Fort Griswold was taken after an obstinate resistance; when a British officer enquired "who commanded the Fort?" "I did," said Col. Ledyard, "but you do now," and presented his sword, in token of surrender. The officer seized it, and plunged it into the bosom of Ledyard; when an indiscriminate slaughter commenced, in which over 100 Americans were butchered, after resistance had ceased.

* On the 1st of July, 1779, Gen. Tryon plundered New Haven, Fairfield, Green Farms, and Norwalk; and set them on fire, burning 180 houses, five churches, and several mills, barns, and vessels; in which devastation, many lives were lost and brutal murders committed.

† Major Andre was captured by three of the New York militia—Paulding, Williams, and Van Wert, when he was apparently out of all danger. He first supposed them to be friends, and acknowledged himself a British officer, instead of showing his pass; but on discovering his mistake, offered them a purse of gold, a valuable watch, and heavy rewards from New York; all of which were rejected with lofty patriotism.

‡ Col. Tarleton, of the British army, was a brave and intrepid antagonist, and but for his cruelty in butchering, instead of making prisoners, when resistance had ceased, he would certainly be entitled to an enviable military reputation.

|| Col. Sumpter, of N. Carolina, a brave partizan officer, collected a few followers, and captured several detachments of the enemy. "In one engagement, so decisive was his victory, that only NINE out of 300 escaped."

§ Colonel, afterwards General Marion, was the most successful officer in the south—always wary, shifting his position continually, and falling on detached posts of the enemy when they least expected it. He it was that invited a British officer to partake of his fare, at the same time pulling from the hot ashes a sweet potato—their only

KINGS-MOUNTAIN hath welcomed the partizan war;

And smiled, on the native born sons of our soil: *

Though fortune, in fickleness, sullied her star,

280 To laden the haughty oppressor, with spoil.†

* * * *

Doth light never shine—where the night has been dark?

Doth the virtuous fail—when the wicked oppress?

Doth Hope never cheer—what Misfortune hath mark'd?

284 Or, doth bravery die—in the day of distress?

Doth love of our country, our kindred, and home,

Where Freedom hath planted her scion of light!

Never speak to the heart, in its own native tone,

288 And bid the oppress'd, strike for God, and their rights ! ‡

It was thus with a CLEVELAND, a LACY, and LEE! ||

With MARION, SUMPTER, CAMPBELL, and GREENE! §

article of food at that time. "In the formation of his troop of cavalry, they were so destitute of weapons of war, that they were obliged to cut swords out of the saws of the saw mills."

* The British, under Major Ferguson, to the number of 1000 men, well equipped, were defeated in a battle on the top of King's Mountain, by the troops of these partizan officers. The whole detachment were made prisoners, their loss in killed being 225 men

† This has allusion to the massacre at the "Waxhaws," by Tarleton; the defeat of Gates at the Battle of Camden; the capitulation of Charleston; Tarleton's dispersion of Sumpter's force, and recovery of the spoils taken by him from the British; Arnold's treason; and the suffering of the northern, as well as the southern armies.

‡ "The Carolinas suffered severely from the incursions of the British, who, with the Tories, were plundering and murdering the Whigs without mercy."

|| In April and May, 1781, the small partizan bands, under the leaders who fought at King's Mountain, surprised and captured a number of British posts, which weakened the force of Cornwallis in the Carolinas, and did much to bring about his subsequent surrender at Yorktown. Marion and Lee took Fort Watson. Sumpter conquered Orangeburg. Lee took Fort Granby; and Marion drove the enemy out of Georgetown.

§ We now come to Washington's favorite General, who, in the event of his own death, he desired might be appointed Commander-in-Chief. Gen. Nathaniel Greene,

The COWPENS! taught Tarleton, the might of the free,
292 When defeated by MORGAN, he fled from the scene. *

Britain's armies, and fleets, had all battled in vain;
And fate bade her tyrant, throw off his renown:
No king, or his minions, could ever enchain,
296 The heroes, who struck the last blow, at YORKTOWN! †

Then unfurl the banner! Let our voices arise,
Big with vows that our children may never forget!
A DE KALB,‡ gave his life, for the blessing we prize;
300 And brave spirits bled, with the good LA FAYETTE! §

of Rhode Island, superseded Gates after the disastrous battle of Camden. Detaching Morgan to check the progress of Tarleton, the Battle of Cowpens was fought, and Tarleton defeated. The superior forces of the enemy, drove Greene in retreat through Carolina, as Washington had been driven through New Jersey; and as the latter turned on his pursuers at Trenton, so Greene fought the battle of Eutaw Springs, and defeated the enemy with a loss of 1100 killed, wounded, and prisoners. The American loss was over 500 in killed and wounded.

So effectual were the operations of this able officer, that he broke the enemy's line of operations by his successes; revived the drooping spirits of the friends of Independence; drove the enemy into their camp at Charleston; and paved the way for the surrender of Cornwallis.

* General Morgan took post at the Cowpens, and awaited the attack of Tarleton, with his men arranged in two lines—the first instructed to give way at the charge of the enemy. On the 17th of January, 1781, the battle commenced, and the Americans giving way, the enemy thought the victory was already gained—but a charge of the bayonet soon made them sensible of their error. "Tarleton fled from the bloody field, leaving his artillery and baggage in possession of the Americans." His loss amounted to 300 killed and wounded, and 500 prisoners; while the American loss was but 12 killed and 60 wounded.

† To secure the complete destruction of Cornwallis, Washington moved his forces to Virginia, as the French fleet entered the Chesapeake, and invested Yorktown.

On the night of the 14th of Oct., 1781, the Americans advanced to storm one of the redoubts on the enemy's line, while their French allies moved on the other. Both were carried with the bayonet; and on the 19th, the land forces were surrendered to the army of Washington; and the vessels of war, with their equipments, given up to Count de Grasse, commander of the French fleet.

‡ De Kalb was killed while bravely leading his men at the battle of Camden, after having received eleven wounds.

§ La Fayette was sorely wounded at the Battle of Brandywine; and in the attack

This heritage, cost the rich blood of our sires;
 And their battle-fields, covered with carnage and death:
 This banner, hath lit up the soul's dying fires,

304 And GOD BLESS AMERICA! swelled the last breath!

AIR—"HAIL COLUMBIA."

against the redoubts of Cornwallis, commanded the American force. To enumerate the many battles, successes, defeats, and privations, of the different forces defending our country, would be to write the history of the Revolution; and to name the numerous feats of bravery on that occasion, would fill a volume. This view of the matter will convince the reader, that our notes are, if any thing, already too voluminous.

[In a recitation the American flag should be thrown out on the instant.]

TO THE READER.—In the preceding notes, free use has been made of the following excellent works: "Hale's United States," "Marshall's Life of Washington," and "Frost's United States."

AUTHOR.



The motion for declaring the Colonies free and independent, was first made in Congress by RICHARD HENRY LEE, of Virginia; and the Declaration was the work of THOMAS JEFFERSON, also of Virginia.

CONCLUDING APPEAL.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

The pride of our birth-right, the foeman defamed,
When insulting he standard that bravery gave us :
The rights of our People, our People proclaimed ;
308 *And have sworn that no power shall ever enslave us!*

The blood of our fathers shall not cry in vain,
For the homage a WARREN and MERCER* deserve:
Give our lives to the sword! and our homes to the flame!
312 But the Charter they bled for, WE SWEAR to preserve.

* * * * *
Shall tyrants basely blast the tree,
Whose fruits have sprung from human gore?
Shall foreign minions cross the sea,
316 To battle and debase our shore?

Shall anarchy and faction, sever,
The bond that binds us now to fame?
Shall foot of land, or flowing river,
320 Brand us with *concession's* shame?

No! Freemen, no! While life shall last;
Or manly blood, within us flow!
We swear, upon the blazon'd past,
324 To free our land *from every foe?*

Shall we give up the boon, nobly won in the field,
When the battle-cry rose from a pillow of blood?
Shall our sons, the rich gift of their forefathers yield,
328 And tarnish the soil, where in conflict they stood?

* General Mercer fell mortally wounded at the battle of Princeton.

Shall we bend the knee, like the vassals of shame,

When a prince, or a potentate, raises his crest?

Shall we, who rejoice in a WASHINGTON'S fame!

332 By humble submission, their vengeance arrest?

No, never! The instinct of *Age*—fiercely cries;

And the time-withered hand grasps a sword for the fray!

No, never! the soldier proclaims, in reply;

336 Let the drum beat—TO ARMS! and we gladly obey!

The matron, shall gird her son's sword, to his side;

And follow the hero, in grief to the grave:

If the "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," but float in its pride,

340 "O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

AIR—MARSEILLES HYMN.

Child of the Desolate Hearth.

When the snow-flakes are driven along the cold earth,

And the frost-laden air bids the brooklet be still'd,

Ah pity the Child of the desolate hearth,

And nurture the bud, till its blossoms are filled.

When the tempest is raging with quivering flame,

And its thunders have startled the bacchanal's mirth;

Oh weep for the Wife, that is covered with shame,

And pity the Child of the desolate hearth.

When *want*, like a plague-spot, in triumph appears,

To blacken the gardens of nature with dearth;

Oh think of the wife's silent anguish and tears,

And pity the Child of the desolate hearth.

When despair, like the dark wing of death hovers round,

And the wail of the wretched is heard in the earth;

Go seek for the Wife, where the hopeless are found,

And pity the Child of the desolate hearth.

LOVE, PURITY, AND FIDELITY.

“ Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause?”

Like a Storm-cloud, that mantles the heavens in gloom
And shuts out the glory that beams from the sky
Like the lightning, that flashes its terrible doom,
When the earth-quaking thunder is riding on high;
Like a turbulent flood rushing on to the sea,
When destruction is moving in mighty array;
Like a Hurricance, sweeping in majesty free,
When DEATH guides the bark—and her seamen obey
Like the Cataract's rush, in the deep eddy's whirl,
Where commotion its vigils unceasingly keep;
Like a threatening Precipice, ready to hurl,
Its dark frowning peaks, down the mountainous steep;
Like a smooth mirror'd Lake, where no danger is seen,
'Till the steamer has struck on a deep sunken rock;
Like a quicksand, o'erspread with a vesture of green;
Or ravenous wolves—when regarding a flock:

So the bacchanal feast—with its sparkling wine,
Is pregnant with misery, famine, and crime;
And the “glass” pledged to friendship, may look ruby red,
Though the spirit of friendship forever hath fled:

So the “parting glass”—drank as a pledge of esteem,
May banish respect in its torturing dream;—
And the homestead where virtue delighteth to dwell,
Is accursed! if the tempter succeed in his spell!—
For the temples of Bacchus, are garnished with tears,
And heart-broken sighs for the wretched appears;
But deception hath put on her mantles of gold,
That the tale of the Orphan, shall never be told;

And no record is seen—to explain how the **PLAY**,
 Man's Health, Wealth, and Happiness melteth away!

There—the storm-cloud is gathered for murder and broils;
 And destruction hath taken proud men in its toils;
 There—the whirlpools of wretchedness, ever abide;
 And the tempests of passion set reason aside!
 There—the threatening precipice, wildly is leap'd;
 And the harvest of ruin is faithfully reap'd!
 There—treacherous rocks, wreck the hopes of a wife;
 And the drunkard doth sever his own thread of life!
 The quicksands are ready to hide his decay;
 And the **WOLVES**, hurry back to their new-coming prey!

THE RESCUE.

Then gird on the armor of “**Brotherly Love**,”
 And rescue the fallen from ruin and shame;
 Let his home, be the ark of the weary-wing'd dove,
 And **LOVE**, on his altars, her blessings proclaim!

Awake to the work! and let **Purity** shine,
 Where wrath, tribulation, and anguish are rife;
 And the creatures of God, shall no longer repine,
 For **PURITY**'s indwelling waters of life.

Give heed to the cry of the widow's distress;—
 Be the orphan forever with kindness beguil'd;—
 Let hope lead the way, and **FIDELITY** bless,
 When the *wine cup*, hath driven the maniac wild.

When Man loves his brother, and seeketh his good,
 And the goblet of ruin no longer is given—
 Then Peace shall abide, where the wine-press hath stood,
 And the erring lay claim to the mercy of heaven.

“FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.”

Seek ye the halls, where the haughty are prized;
 And scorn, dries the tears that the sorrowing shed?
 Or seek ye the place, where the poor are despised;
 And the *orphan*, in misery, asketh for bread?
 Seek ye the slaves, that ambition control;
 Where virtue is wrecked in the treacherous strife?
 Or seek ye the hope, that uplifteth the soul,
 And binds up the wounds of a desolate wife?
 Seek ye the church, where the sound of the bells,
 Like cymbals of charity, cover the land?
 Or seek ye the altar, where godliness dwells,
 And the sinful are judged with a merciful hand?
 Seek ye the gems that enricheth the heart,
 And soften the anguish of bitter despair?
 Or seek ye the wealth of the glittering mart,
 Where gold is the god! and deception the prayer?

If the wail of the widow, in anguish is heard;
 And the heart's desolation is mocked with despair;
 Go seek for the balm that the Saviour preferred,
 And FRIENDSHIP! shall lighten the burthen of care.
 If the hand of misfortune fall heavy and sad;
 And the world give no heed to the sufferer's cry;
 There's a *brotherhood*, maketh the stricken heart glad,
 Where LOVE! blends the soul, with the seraphs on high.
 When the cry of the orphan is stifled with tears,
 And loneliness withers the flowers of youth;
 Go seek where the blessing of Friendship appears,
 And the fatherless—drink from the well-springs of TRUTH!
 Or seek out the bliss of a generous breast,
 When Friendship, has answer'd the suppliant's prayer;
 And visit the home of the weak and oppressed,
 When LOVE's, balmy breathings are clustering there.
 Or seek ye the couch, where disease dims the eye,
 When "a brother" has heard of "a brother's" distress;
 There, the angel of mercy is hovering nigh,
 With the hand of ODD FELLOWSHIP open to bless!

THE MOTHER'S CONSOLATION.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."—JESUS.

A RINGDOVE came to a youthful bride,
 With words of love in its plaintive tone;
 But sorrow sung to her rising pride—
 'Tis gone!—and the charm of her life had flown.
 So, lady, fled thy beauteous child,
 When dove-like innocence had bloom'd:—
 Her spirit rose with rapture wild,
 To angel bliss beyond the tomb!
 Then do not weep, for joyful songs,
 Are borne on angel harps along.

A STREAMLET flowed—and its crystal gems
 Were sparkling bright in a sunny ray;
 But hasting on to its darksome glens,—
 'Tis gone!—like the dream of a passing day.
 So, lady, fled thy beauteous child,
 When gems of love were beaming bright;—
 Her spirit leaped in rapture wild,
 To realms where angel strains unite!
 Then do not weep—that youth decays
 So soon, to join in angel's lays.

A DEW-DROP leaped to the morning sun,
 As the golden rays were streaming by,—
 With pearly tear—was its mission done,
 And it sped from earth as a rising sigh.
 So, lady, fled thy angel-child,
 When seraph-voices called her home:—
 Her spirit rose in rapture wild,
 On incense from Jehovah's throne!
 Then do not weep, for God doth say,
 That He will "*wipe all tears away!*"

A RAINBOW rides on the vaulted sky,
 As signet seal of "Our Father's" love;—

And beauty gladdens the aching eye,
 Though misery o'er the heartstrings move
 So, lady, may thy sainted child,
 In dreaming visions meet thy view;
 And when despairing, thoughts are wild—
 May whispering angels comfort you!
 Then do not weep—for angel bands,
 Are bearing blessings in their hands.

THE VOLUNTEER'S RETURN.

1847 AND '48.

When the war-cloud was rising, sweet Peace fled away,
 Like the sun's golden beams at the closing of day;
 And the heart's sunny smile was exchanged for a tear,
 When the homestead of hope saw the phantom appear;
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 How desolate then, was that once happy home.

Where the star-spangled banner floats proudly and free,
 Over plain, on the mountain, or deep-heaving sea;
 Where glory hath called the brave soldier to roam;—
 How sweet are his slumbers when dreaming of home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
 How soft seems his pillow, how happy his home!

When the war strains are hushed, and the patriot band,
 Are speeding their way to their own native land;—
 As the good ship is cleaving her way through the foam,
 How panteth each soul for its kindred and home!
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
 There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

Ye have come! and the glow of affection doth burn,
 With truth's steady flame, at the soldier's return;
 No more shall the war-bugle cause you to roam,
 From breathings of love, in your own mountain home!
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
 We again bid you welcome to kindred and home!

God's Works are Bright and Beautiful.

The morning stars, their sparkling rays,
 Send floating on the lambent air;
 While through the spanless ether maze,
 No voice but Nature's breathing prayer—
 The blue arched vault of God's domain,
 Enlivened with its balmy strain:
 But all was bright and beautiful!

On eastern skies, far upward gleams,
 The golden light, so rich and rare;
 And crowned with glory's dazzling beams,
 The king of day now revels there!
 The stars are waning from our view,
 While crystal drops are on the dew,
 And all is bright and beautiful!

The "cattle on a thousand hills,"
 And songsters of a thousand vales;
 Are seeking out the gushing rills,
 And breathing morning's sweetest gales
 While grateful thoughts, like incense rise,
 From Earth, to Him who fills the skies;
 And all is bright and beautiful!

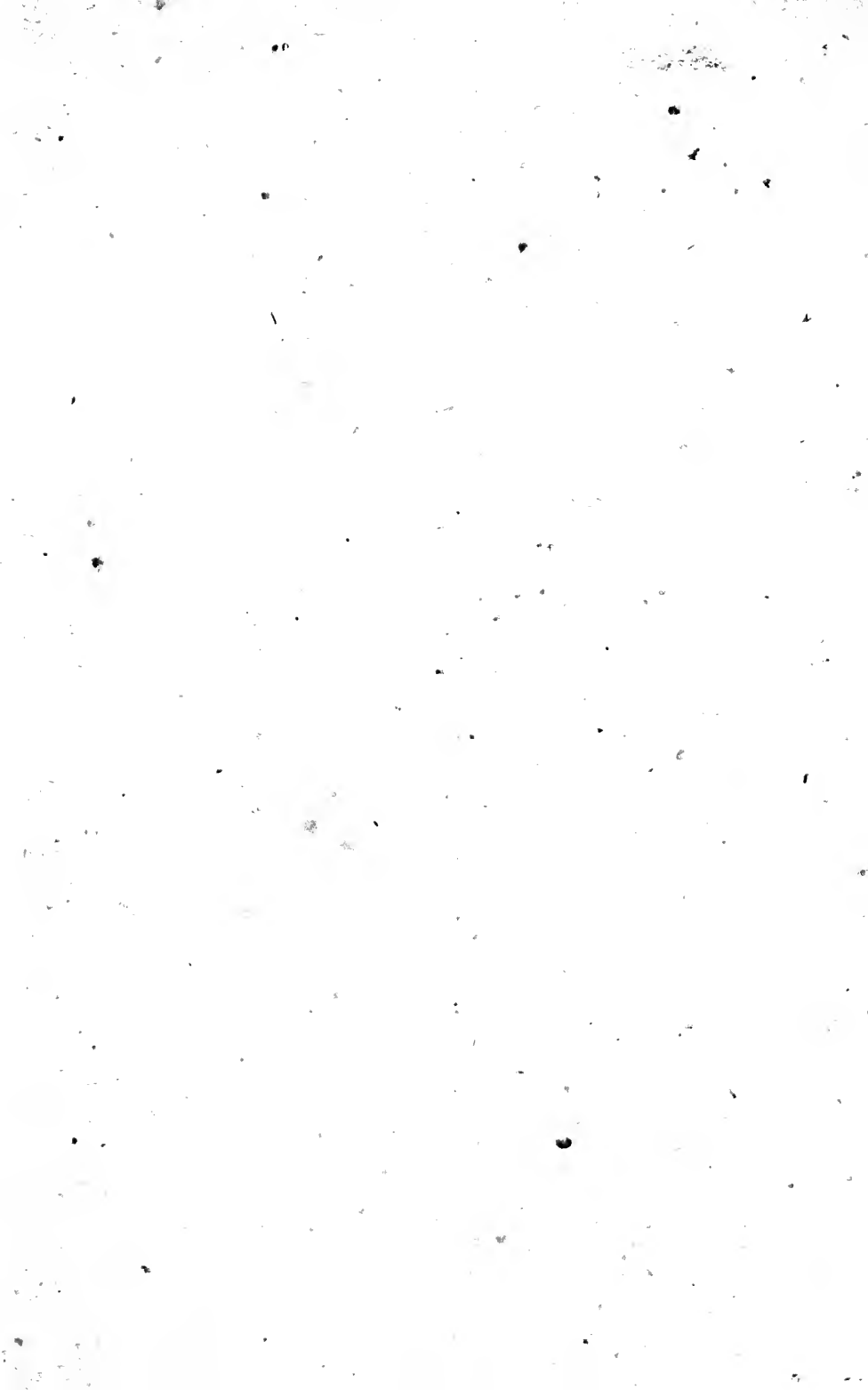
Now, onward to their daily toil,
 The sons of labor wend their way;—
 The ploughman turns his moisten'd soil;
 And workshops ring a busy lay—
 All moved to earn their daily bread!
 While round, beneath, and overhead,
 God's works are bright and beautiful!

Then twilight speaks of coming rest,
 And children's merry laugh is heard;—
 A gorgeous mantle spreads the west;
 And swiftly sweeps the evening bird:
 The scented lawn, and drinking flowers,
 Are rife with joy—like Eden's bowers.
 And all is bright and beautiful !

Uprising in her quiet round,
 The moon presents her smiling face;
 And lighting up each shadow'd mound—
 Now sends her silvery glance apace,
 To drive the gloom from hill and dale,
 And wake the slumbering nightingale;
 While all is bright and beautiful !

Thus *life*, breaks on our infant years,
 And youth its sunny dreamings blend:—
 The *morn*, begets no shrinking fears;
 Nor yet doth sorrow's voice ascend;
 But *noon*, decrees that we shall roam,
 From bliss of parent smiles, and home.
 Where life is bright and beautiful !

When darkling care, its glooming pall,
 Brings forward, like a wizard's spell;
 Then light celestial scatters all,
 Her shadows where they darkest fell:—
 Should virtue be our constant guide,
 The *eve*, shall welcome us with pride,
 To scenes *more* bright and beautiful !



FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

Extract from Circular of Girard Lodge, No. 53, I. O. of O. F.

DECEMBER 22, 1848.

"The hand of misfortune falls heavily in this case—Pecuniary losses, prostration of business, and physical inability to continue in the routine of hard labour, all unite to call up the best offices of our Brethren in his behalf."

CARD.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS PATRONS.

This work is published as a means of present support for a large family dependent upon the author, who has been physically disabled by HEAVY LIFTING at his trade; and to rescue from a forced sale the little property saved from TWENTY years of toil, which is now endangered by pecuniary losses, and the total prostration of his business as a master mechanic.

☞ A FIRST AND LAST APPEAL!

JOHN M. CROSLAND.

POTTSVILLE, PA., JANUARY, 1849.

LOVE, PURITY, AND FIDELITY.